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LORD PAUNCEFOTE

It is peculiarly sad that Lord Pauncefoot, of Preston, the venerable and popular British Ambassador and dean of the Diplomatic Corps, should expire on this day of celebration, for it has had a depressing effect upon all who have participated in the Rochambeau pageant. Having been so prominently identified with social and diplomatic life in the American Capital for nearly a decade, the courteous and scholarly Englishman had almost become a Washingtonian; hence his death will cause grief and regret among the hosts of people who knew and admired him.

Lord Pauncefoot was one of the most astute politicians of the highest class ever sent to the New World as the representative of a great power. For many years prior to his appointment as British Ambassador he served his government in positions of the first importance. His comparatively recent elevation to the peerage was the highest testimonial to his unique ability.

Aside from his being the plenipotentary representative of the English-speaking power of the Old World, Lord Pauncefoot was a most popular gentleman among the delegates from all parts of the globe who assembled here. He entertained an affection for America second only to his love for the great country of his nativity. He was an ideal father and husband, a gentleman of the old school, as full of heart as he was of ability.

Lord Pauncefoot was especially gratified over the fact that his term of service as ambassador had been extraordinary, indicating that he had given remarkable satisfaction to his monarch and government. Nevertheless, he had been long eager to visit his home, and it is peculiarly pathetic that growing bodily weakness, followed by the illness that proved fatal, deprived him of this anticipated pleasure.

The people of the United States, and especially the people of the National Capital, extend their sincerest sympathy to the great Englishman's bereaved family.

HURRY UP THE MEMORIAL BRIDGE

A provision has been inserted in the sundry civil appropriation bill, now in conference, for beginning the work on the Memorial Bridge. Apparently the Senate has appreciated both the practical necessity and the esthetic appropriateness of such a structure, and the impression prevails that the sentiment generally of the members of the other branch of Congress is not unfavorable to the project. It is all the more remarkable and disquieting, therefore, to hear it rumored that certain sinister influences are at work to frustrate the final adoption of the amendment.

This alleged obstruction is all the more singular in view of the fact that the building of this bridge has been urged upon patriotic grounds by the Grand Army of the Republic, by the

order of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and by other large and influential organizations all over the country. Especially has the Grand Army been solicitous that work on the bridge should be begun so as to make it possible to lay the cornerstone during the coming grand encampment in this city next fall. It is difficult to understand why, in the face of the desire of men whose wishes respecting any patriotic object should carry much weight; there should be reason to apprehend the failure of the amendment in question.

The Memorial Bridge is advocated by the people and by the press of the country, and it seems almost absurd to suppose that the reactionary spirit of some obstructionists should be permitted to prevail against it.

ECHOES OF THE DANCE

By LINDSLEY FLAVEL MINES.

I. A FAN.

To lie within her hand, or near her face
Soft swaying the ballroom's heavy air
Awake the breeze that lifts her clustering hair
In faintest ripples for a little space,
O, frailty of spangles and of lace,
Such is thy lot; and daintily to dare—
Perchance to touch her lips—and then despair,
So graceless thou in presence of such grace.

To thee her blushes, joy-embowered smiles
Close-hidden from the world that laughs around,
Secrets untold shall be, of hers and thine:
Leave then, I pray, this arts and witching wiles;
Henceforth thou knowest none but holy ground—
And would that I could change thy fate for mine.

II. A DANCE CARD.

All scribbled o'er with names of other men,
The dance card that she carried on a night
When I was far away, and had no sight
Of her, unseeing when she smiled, and when
She spoke most sweetly, deaf mine ears were then;
Yet boast ye not, who would usurp my right;
I was the music, yea, I was the light
That her out-shining eyes gave back again;

I was the heavy air, I was the sound
Of merry tongues, I was the tropic heat,
I was the joy the passing time let fall,
I was the hours that quickly sped around,
I was the floor beneath the dancers' feet—
For I was Love, the sceptered Hege of all.

CAPACITY.

A man who was called on to address a Sunday school in a Pennsylvania town took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elijah on his journey to Bethel—how the youngsters taunted the poor old prophet, and how they were punished when two she bears came out of the wood and ate forty-two of them. "And now, children," said the speaker, wishing to learn if his talk had produced any moral effect, "what does this story show?" "Please, sir," came from a little girl well down in front, "it shows how many children two she bears can hold!"

A JOKE.

Friends played a grim joke on the Rev. R. G. Roscamp, of Kokomo, Ind., three years ago, the seriousness of which is just now appreciated. He was on a trip to Denver, when an acquaintance, in a spirit of banter, gave him a block of supposedly worthless mining stock. He has now sold the stock for \$500,000.

Not a Bad Idea.

Boston Globe—It is good news that the reports of present distress in Martinique have been exaggerated. The suggestion that the money contributed and not needed should be held for a national relief fund meets with general approval.

AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW OF THE FUTURE OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC

By Representative BROUSSARD of Louisiana.

MY recent trip to the island of Cuba has thoroughly convinced me that the prospects of the island were never better, and I have every reason to believe that the young republic will rapidly take a high place among the nations of the world.

The government under the direction of President Palma has the advantage of the wise administration of the American authorities along lines that are found to be of great benefit to the citizens.

This is particularly noticeable in the establishment of the school systems. Already the residents of the island are being convinced of the great benefits to be derived from education and are using every effort to have their children obtain all the benefits offered by the schools.

This strong desire for education is remarkable and must inevitably result in the upbuilding of the people as a whole.

The sanitary condition of the large cities which has resulted in such remarkable improvement in the health of the islanders, is bound to be felt, for it has in a large measure removed and will continue to remove that lackadaisical feeling caused by the fevers that have infested the island as a result of unsanitary methods.

The lessons in civil government that have been taught the Cubans by the American authorities will prove an excellent groundwork on which they can work.

On the whole, I think the prosperity of Cuba is assured—that the people are thoroughly capable of self-government, and that under the guidance of President Palma they will rapidly forge ahead.

ROCHAMBEAU

By JOHN A. JOYCE.

Rochambeau and great Lafayette

Shall shine from sun to sun—

Adown the crowding ages

With glorious Washington;

And while Columbia lingers

To bless the flitting hours—

The morn with rosy fingers

Shall gild each grave with flowers.

Grand heroes of the long ago

Appear above the gloom

And bravely bright stands Rochambeau

Triumphant o'er the tomb.

While memory, with her magic spell

Entrances us today

And weaves a wreath for La Belle France

So happy, brave, and gay.

And this Republic sends her love

To that across the sea—

Join hands and hearts forever

To glorify the free,

And while our starry banner

Shall flutter, flash, and flow

We'll bless the splendid record

Of great, gallant Rochambeau!

HOW TO TREAT THE HORSE DURING THE HEATED TERM

By HERBERT E. MARTYN, Secretary Washington Humane Society.

NOW that the summer is upon us, it is pertinent to ask what is to be the lot of the horse, who will be compelled through the long summer to drag heavy loads over the heated asphalt and under a blistering sun. His life is not to be envied, but a little thoughtfulness, good judgment, and kindness on the part of his owner will much alleviate his condition.

Aside from a humane consideration, it will pay all owners of animals to give them thought and care during the heated term and their attention is earnestly directed to the following suggestions:

First, stable life, being half the life of the horse, has great influence on his health, disposition, and value. What sort of man is your driver or groom? Is your horse driven on Sundays and at night, after doing his regular work? Is he tormented, cruelly treated, or not properly cared for in the stable? Do your horses receive sufficient food, or is part of it sold by your "faithful groom?" Investigate! Prevention is better than cure.

A stable should be well drained and sufficiently lighted. Vapors from a filthy floor and the sudden change from a dark stable to the light will produce defective vision and cause

your horse to shy or scare. There should be free ventilation. Lime spread on the floor neutralizes bad odors, and for a protection from the flies rub the animal with a cloth moist with kerosene. A decoction of walnut leaves is also effective.

Great care should be used to see that the harness is perfectly fitted to a horse and that there is nothing to cause irritation. In this way you will avoid chafing and abrasions. In case an animal is galled, air-slacked lime will be found a good remedy.

A horse needs plenty of water. Frequent watering in small quantities is the best rule. The Humane Society now has nearly one hundred drinking fountains scattered over the city, so that there is no excuse for a horse to go thirsty.

The sun-shades introduced last summer by the society have proved of great benefit by protecting the heads of horses from the direct rays of the sun. It is hoped that they will become more popular this summer. When it is possible leave your horse in the shade. The whole question can best be summed up by this golden rule for horsemen: "Treat a horse in all respects as you would like to be treated." To treat them cruelly and unkindly is base ingratitude and the poorest sort of business policy.

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER

It has been contended that the answer to the query whether the world—humanity—is growing better—will naturally vary from affirmative to negative, and vice versa, according to the point of view of the persons who attempt a reply. Point of view, in many instances, is largely governed by environment, personal condition, and all that they involve. Judgment is unconsciously affected by the well or ill being of the individual. The individual down on his luck is apt to view the world as through a clouded glass. The average man with a broken leg has little inclination to believe that civilization is a gigantic success, especially if the devices of that civilization have been indirectly responsible for the fracture.

It is to the man who can isolate himself from his immediate concerns long enough to consider conditions from an impartial standpoint to whom we must look for the correct answer to the perennial question involving the regeneration of society. Such a man is the optimist, the descendant of the lovable Mark Tapley, who found agents for good in the worst of things.

In a way, optimism seems to be health and pessimism disease. Of course, optimism may become extravagant, may overdevelop into astigmatism; but the normal optimist is a boon to the world, since he treasures every possible ray of sunshine, while the pessimist refuses to believe that there is light.

The world is growing better. The optimist says so, and has abundant evidence. There are slight disorders of the world's body politic and body social; but they are less violent than ever before, and the signs of convalescence, the approach to the perfect health that will inaugurate the millennium, cannot be denied. The pessimist may continue to chant his dreary misere, but it is a mere discord compared with the grand anthem of universal progress, the chorus that rejoices over the uplifting of mankind.

The South African Claimant.

In spite of Solomon's assertion that there is nothing new under the sun—and perhaps there was not in his time—things are continually cropping up which are, if not new, at least extremely novel. One came to light in Great Britain the other day, in the shape of a letter to Mr. Labouchere, of "Truth." It presented a new claimant to the English throne.

The writer of the letter was evidently a Scotch Jacobite, for he seemed to remember very clearly the circumstances in which the present royal family of England came to the throne, and he reminded the public that this family was chosen, not by the rule of primogeniture or ability, but simply as fulfilling the conditions of the royal line and the Protestant religion. He suggests that the family can be set aside at any time, and that a candidate can now be named who is a Protestant and of the royal line, and whose election to the throne would give satisfaction to some of the United Kingdom and most of the United States. This candidate is President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic.

President Kruger is descended from Rob Roy. Rob Roy was a descendant, on his mother's side, of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, who was eighth in descent from Edward III of England and seventh in descent from Robert II of Scotland, first of the Stuart kings. That Kruger is a Protestant there is no sort of doubt.

It is not known that President Kruger wishes to pose as a Mulberry Seller. If, indeed, he ever heard of that personage, but if he does want to play the role, here is his chance. The advent of this claimant would be interesting from several points of view, not the least interesting circumstance being the possibility that the empire might become a republic or the republican an emperor. One or the other would have to happen. But King Edward is not likely to lose any sleep over the matter for some time yet.

Dr. Goodcheer's Remedy.

Feel all out of glitter, do you?
Nothing goes to suit you, quite?
Skies seem sort of dark and clouded,
Though the day is fair and bright?
Eyes affected—fall to notice
Beauty's faded on every hand?
Hearing no impaired, you're missing
Songs of promise, sweet and grand?

No, your case is not uncommon—
'Tis a popular distress:
Though 'tis not at all contagious,
Thousands have it, more or less;
But it yields to simple treatment,
And is easy, quite, to cure;
If you follow my directions,
Convalescence, quick, is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking,
And a portion of content,
And, with both, let glad endeavor
Mixed with earnestness, be blent;
These with care and skill compounded,
Will produce a magic oil
That is bound to cure, if taken
With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy,
If your hope is pale with doubt,
Try this wonderful Oil of Promise,
For 'twill drive the evil out,
Who will mix it? Not the druggist
From the bottles on his shelf;
The ingredients required
You must find within yourself.
—Nixon Waterman in Success.

INQUEST ON A MUMMY.

Our British friends can sometimes do the unconsciously humorous thing to perfection, says the "Philadelphia Medical Journal." They have lately been holding an inquest on a Peruvian mummy. But this "craze" was no more funny than the gravity with which the "British Medical Journal" assures its readers that the coroner did right. The British public have finally awakened to the fact that the coroner should be laughed at, and the mummy has been pronounced dead because the coroner "sat on it." The innocent cause of all the trouble was a Peruvian mummy which someone was sending by express to a museum in Belgium. The unfortunate relic was discovered in a box in a railroad station in Liverpool. It was undoubtedly dead, but the coroner was sent for to certify the fact. He held an inquest (poor man!), but did not find the cause of death, and now he is being grieved. As he is only a coroner, we have not much sympathy with him. He succeeded, however, in spoiling the mummy, and a lawsuit followed with big damages. We have always maintained that coroners hold too many inquests, and we think they should not be encouraged to include imported mummies among their victims.

ONE OF THE ESSENTIALS OF THE PUBLIC FOOD SUPPLY

By Senator WILLIAM M. STEWART of Nevada.

THERE is no article of food the purity of which is so difficult to preserve as milk and cream. Warm milk absorbs and conceals impurities from its surroundings more rapidly than almost any other substance, and the color of milk conceals dirt as completely as the liquid conceals poison.

No examination of milk offered for sale in the market will furnish even reasonable security for the safety of the health of the consumers. The source of milk is the dairy farm. The stables of the dairy farm must be well ventilated, completely sewered and constantly cleaned and disinfected with lime or some other substance.

All unhealthy cows must be removed from the herd. The breath and saliva from sick cows fills the stable with poisonous dust, which the milk absorbs. The cows must be well bedded and cleaned, and they must have an abundance of pure water and wholesome food. Any neglect in these respects will contaminate the milk.

One of the greatest inventions of modern times in the dairy line is the milk separator, which extracts the cream from the milk, but this is not its most important function. Whether the milk and cream are to be kept separate or not, there can be no really pure milk which has not been run through the separator. It may then be run together and remixed if desired.

The separator not only separates the cream from the milk, but it separates from any milk a mass of dirt which would astonish anyone who is not familiar with the operation, and if once seen would deter any person, even with a strong stomach, from the use of unseparated milk.

Milk should be cooled and the animal heat removed from it at the earliest possible moment after it comes from the cows. Whether separated or not, it should be kept cool.

After all the precautions above stated have been taken there may be microbes in the milk prejudicial to health. These can only be destroyed by heat. By heating the milk to the boiling point most of the prejudicial microbes would be killed, but the flavor of milk is destroyed by sterilization.

The scientists engaged in the dairy business have made many experiments by heating milk to about sixty degrees with a view of destroying the injurious microbes, and it is claimed with much force that their efforts have met with considerable success.

Some physicians insist that all milk fed to infants should be pasteurized, and in the hot season there is certainly safety in pasteurized milk. There is no use, however, in trying to obtain pure milk in a city if the disease-breeding dairy farm cannot be eliminated from the sources of the supply of milk.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE CAMERA

NOW that the season for out-of-door photography is fairly begun, it may be worth while to call attention to the fact that very few amateur photographers take pictures which are artistic. The possibilities of photography are almost limitless, and it seems a pity that they are not more scientifically studied.

The average amateur is an amateur in a very limited sense of the word indeed. It is true that he loves the business of photography, but only because it is a new amusement, and gives a certain satisfaction to his desire for mechanical employment. There is also a fascination in seeing the development of the pictures, apparently by a sort of magic, and in learning to work the magic. But of genuine love for the art of picture-making, as an art, he has but little.

This is a matter which cannot be changed. Nobody can put artistic feeling into a person who has not got it and does not want it. All that can be done with that individual is to teach him to make the mechanical part of his employment as perfect as may be. But here and there an amateur has real love for the art, not for the process, and displays much talent in the arrangement of figures and the work of composition. It seems a pity that such a photographer should not develop to the fullest extent a talent which will add beautiful things to the world, and also help to educate the public taste. There is really no reason why a photograph should not be as artistic in its way as a painting; and the work which is done by some of the great photographers proves that the thing is possible. To create a demand for the portrait photograph, made with delicate appreciation of the character of the subject, is peculiarly a work for the amateur photographer; and the various camera clubs of the land, in helping to create this demand, are doing a service to the American people.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ART OF WAR

THINGS are picking up in the art of war. The cables bring word from Berlin of a cannon that will throw a projectile ninety miles, and the projectile may weigh a couple of tons. If the machine will throw dynamite, it need not throw so much. Half a ton of dynamite equally distributed over New York would undoubtedly provide ample space for rebuilding. The cables describe this pleasing new invention as an electro-magnetic affair. It uses no powder or other explosive in throwing the shell. No details of the invention are given, but it is easy to see how a series of electro-magnets set at convenient spaces along the length of a barrel might do the trick. The ball would be drawn forward by a powerful magnet, and just as the latter reached the moment of maximum intensity in the magnetic field it could be made to strike some little mechanism which would break the electric circuit of the magnet; in an instant the magnet would be dead, and the momentum of the shell would carry it into the field of the next magnet of the series along the tube. Powerful electro-magnets are made nowadays capable of lifting a ton or so, and half a dozen of

them would give a tremendous velocity to a heavy ball. As there would be no concussion in the discharge of the gun, it could carry the highest and most deadly explosives known. It would be cheap, too, to build and operate, for practically it would never wear out, while the big guns of today have an average life of but 100 shots. It would be noiseless and smokeless, and as a projectile at high speed is invisible for the most part, a battery could operate without in the least disclosing its whereabouts. And armies would have no warning of its presence until the rain of hail which it could produce came down upon them. No wonder artillery experts in Europe are said to be excited. The invention is described as the work of Prof. Bickeland, "a Norwegian physicist." If this be the distinguished professor of physics at Christiania, it may be set down that the invention is not a cable yarn. At any rate, we hope it isn't. A gun that will shoot ninety miles might inconveniently reach the people who make war—Congressmen and kings and such—and expose them to danger. The moment this result is attained it may safely be prophesied that war will have come to an end.—Harper's Weekly.

BECAUSE.

It is not because your heart is mine—
Mine alone;
It is not because you choose me, weak and lonely.
For your own;
Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies
Spread above you
Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes—
That I love you!
It is not because the world's perplexed meaning
Grows more clear;
And the Parapets of Heaven with angels leaning.
Seem more near;
And Nature sings of praise with all her voices
Since yours spoke,
Since within my silent heart, that now rejoices,
Love awoke!
Nay not even because your hand holds heart and life;
At your will
Soothing, hushing, all its discord, making strife
Calm and still;
Teaching, Trust to fold her wings, nor ever roam
From her nest;
Teaching Love that her securest, safest home
Must be Rest.
But because this human Love, though calm and sweet—
Yours and mine—
Has been sent by Love more tender,
More complete,
More divine;
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in Heaven
Far above you;
Do I take you as a gift that God has given—
And I love you!
—Adelaide A. Procter.

A TRIBUTE TO GEN. STERNBERG.

The retirement of Surgeon General Sternberg is to be celebrated by a complimentary dinner tendered to him in New York on June 13. General Sternberg's services to the country and to the profession are too well known to need detailed description. Entering the army in 1861, Dr. Sternberg served through the civil war, and rose by successive grades until, in 1893, he became surgeon general, an appointment which recognized the merits of his special services to the corps. In this office he has borne great responsibilities and has improved in many ways the organization of the medical corps, notably by the establishment of the Army Medical School. In the work of the general profession he has been deeply interested. Not only have his contributions to the science of bacteriology been important and numerous, but in this country he has, by strong personal efforts and by active work in our societies, stimulated the scientific study of medicine and fostered and encouraged those researches which, in the case of malaria, yellow fever, and other infectious diseases have proved to be of such enormous value. During a long series of years Dr. Sternberg has been a warm advocate of all measures to promote the public health, and has unselfishly devoted much time to the work of national and local health societies and to the establishment of efficient legislation. His contributions to our knowledge of infectious diseases are of special importance. We note with pleasure that preliminary action has been taken by Congress favorable to the retirement of General Sternberg with the rank of major general.—American Medicine.